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A LESE MAJESTE QUESTION.

SENATOR N. B. SCOTT of West Vir-
ginia has come to the conclusion
that a request from the president is
not necessarily a command. A few
days ago the senator called on Presi-
dent Roosevelt and found him en-
gaged. He waited some minutes and
left. Before he got out of the White
House a messenger overtook him and
announced that the president was
ready to receive him."Tell the president I haven't time to
stop now," was the senator's reply. "I
will see him some other time." And,
greatly to the horror of the messenger,
Senator Scott pursued the even tenor
of his way.A great many people who have an
exaggerated notion of the duty we owe
to the president will view the action of
Senator Scott with feelings of approxi-
mate horror. They will say that it
matters not what other engagements he
may have had, he should have imme-
diately gone to the president when he
latter expressed a willingness to see
him. They will see in his refusal a
sort of lese majeste of the most un-
pardonable character.But, after all, did not Scott have an
undoubted right to go ahead with his
private business? Was the president of
a grave discourtesy to the senator in
treating him as he would have treated
a citizen? It is true that presidents
are entitled to consideration which no
private citizen could expect, but there
is such a thing as going too far. The
president, after all, is only a citizen,
the first citizen of the republic, chosen
by his fellow citizens to hold for a time
the reins of authority.In no sense is he their ruler. Rather
is he their servant, the highest steward
in all the land. Still, he is a steward,
and while The Herald would go as
far as any to do him honor, the time
has not yet come when citizens must
sacrifice their personal engagements
and duties to wait upon him. We
heard very little about pomp and
circumstance in the presidential office
prior to the Roosevelt regime.It is only since his induction into
office that the saying has come about
that an invitation from the president
is a command. The saying has ex-
tended even to the president's family,
so that in Washington, if Miss Roose-
velt desires to give a pink tea at the
eleventh hour, all engagements made
prior to that hour are immediately can-
celed in order that Miss Roosevelt's
entertainment shall not lack guests.Something is wrong about such a
system and it will be interesting to
know whether or not Senator Scott
suffers from his violation of it.

SOME RAILROAD FIGURES.

A SUMMARY of the report of the
interstate commerce commission
for the fiscal year that ended
June 30, 1902, has just been issued. Al-
though the report is nearly a year be-
hind the times its figures are interest-
ing because they are accurate and be-
cause they are the most recent obtain-
able. The most interesting feature of
the document is the showing of rail-
road building.The mileage of the country was in-
creased by a total of 5,234 miles, which
means that if all the track built could
be stretched out in a straight line it
would reach from the Atlantic ocean to
the Pacific ocean and two-thirds of the
way back again. The addition of
5,234 miles made a grand total for the
country of 202,611 miles and keeps the
United States where it has always
been, far ahead of any other nation
in the matter of railroads. If side-
tracks and switches were included in
the above total the exact figures of
railway mileage would be 274,195 miles.To keep the railroads in operation,
41,228 locomotives were kept in con-
stant use, together with 1,640,220 cars,
exclusive of private cars, the use of
which is growing very rapidly. An idea
of this may be gained from the state-
ment that while, only a few years ago,
the private cars were numbered by
hundreds only, during the year covered
by the report 36,991 were in service in
the passenger departments.Another interesting feature of the
report consists in its statistics relative
to the number of employees. It took
an army of 1,188,315 men to keep the
roads going. They were paid in wages
the tidy sum of \$76,028,592, an amount
equivalent to 90 per cent of the gross
operating expenses and 39 per cent of
the gross receipts. This goes to show
that the railroad employees are getting
a comfortable percentage of the pro-
ceeds that flow into the treasuries of
their companies.Railway capital stock outstanding
June 30, 1902, aggregated the enormous
total of \$12,134,182,954, which is \$23,301
per mile of track. And in this connec-
tion it may be said that the roads are
sufficiently capitalized, for it is doubt-
ful if a line in the country was built
and equipped as a cost of \$63,301 per
mile or any amount approximating
that figure.Passengers were carried to the num-
ber of 649,578,505, of whom 8,588 were
killed and 73,550 injured, not a bad
showing in view of the tremendous
amount of business done. The gross
earnings of all the roads for the yearwas \$1,726,880,267, and the total divi-
dends declared were \$185,421,253.

AIRSHIPS A SUCCESS.

THE DREAM of aerial navigation
became a reality to Parisians who
were gathered on the Longchamps
race course on Sunday last. While
the horses were being saddled for a
race somebody looked up and saw three
airships approaching. Apparently un-
der perfect control they came on to
the track. One of them descended, and
was told, as lightly as a bird and
touched the ground in the enclosure
inside the track.It was the Santos Dumont No. 9, in
charge of its inventor. After a brief
stay Santos Dumont again ascended,
and, joining his aerial squadron, went
through some maneuvers and then
proceeded to their starting place. The
flight was more in the nature of an
outing than a test. Santos Dumont
probably asked his friends to join him
in a flight to the races and they ac-
cepted the invitation.While it cannot be said that the
problem of aerial navigation has been
solved, certainly it is fair to say that
a vast deal of progress has been made.
So far the Santos Dumont airships
have had a capacity of one passenger
only, that one being the inventor. The
dispatches say he has almost com-
pleted another airship, the Santos Du-
mont No. 10, which will carry twelve
people. That looks like the real thing.The airship of twelve-passenger ca-
pacity will be of some use, if it will do
all that Santos Dumont claims for it.
He says he will be ready to begin op-
erating it by the last of this month.
Already he has been inundated with
requests for places and he will be kept
busy for many months to come taking
his friends out, unless he should hap-
pen to kill a few of them on the trial
trip.The czar of Russia has publicly
thanked the man whose book is said
to have incited the Kishineff massacre.
The czar of Russia has publicly
thanked the man whose book is said
to have incited the Kishineff massacre.Now they are talking of moving Salt-
air pavilion over to Antelope island
and putting in a lake railway attach-
ment. If it takes as long proportion-
ately to move the pavilion as it is tak-
ing to move a section of bath houses
this generation and the next and then
some will have passed peacefully away
before the job is finished.State Senator Sullivan of Missouri re-
fused to answer questions put to him
by Prosecutor Folk on the ground that
he might incriminate himself. It is
now up to Mr. Folk to find somebody
who can answer a few pointed ques-
tions about Senator Sullivan in con-
nection with the alum baking powder
scandal.An enterprising New Jersey sheriff
has seized a government cruiser for a
debt alleged to be due from men who
built the boat. That sheriff is certain-
ly a brave man for he is tackling the
United States government single-hand-
ed.We are told that the trace horse Irish
Lad rode from New York to Chicago
in the same car with a billy goat. This
was probably in order that it might
have an opportunity to "butt into" some
of the prize money.A California boy committed suicide
because his mother spent all his sav-
ings for three stoves. Probably he
thought Hades couldn't be much hotter
than his home after those stoves
started operations.A German woman who poisoned four
of her husbands and was about to poi-
son a fifth has just been sentenced to
death in Berlin. She must have been
very hard to suit.Pittsburg is the latest city to strike
the corruption wave. One of its coun-
cilmembers has been arrested for accept-
ing a bribe from street railway promoters.Utah is to receive a share of the
Pious, not Plus, fund, but it must not
be understood that the money comes to
us as a reward for piety.Sioux Whioox Wiouxed Lioux.
(Chicago Tribune.)
A swarthy, civilized Sioux
Once owned a damsel named Lioux.
Each night he would call
her by name and all
To pay his devotions and wioox.He made but small headway with Lou.
Who vowed such a thing would not do.
"How dreadful!" she said.
"You say such a dark red,
I'd never agree with that hue.""More trifling," asserted the Sioux.
"You cannot thwart love, if it's true.
Your standard I'll reach—
My skin I shall bleach
Until it has faded a fioux.""No, no," said the damsel named Lou.
"This useless to longer pursue
You efforts to win
My hand, for I have been
Engaged for the last year or tou.""You have?" cried the love-stricken
Sioux.
"Alas! I am pierced thro' and thro'!
If you are engaged,
Then why have you waged
Such war with the glance galled 'gioux-
doux'?""I haven't asserted Miss Lou.
Beginning to sob and boun-hou.
"It's quite a mistake,
But easy to make.
My eyes—can't you see?—are askou!""Farewell!" moaned the agonized Sioux.
As sadder and sadder he grioux.
"My heart has been lost
Through your eyes being crossed:
Adioux!" and fioux from her vioux.Would Consider The Other Place.
In a small Missouri town there lives a
good deacon who, despite his harsh,
hoarse voice, always joins coarsely in
the singing at church. In the same town
is a little boy who has become the proud
possessor of a new bicycle.The boy's eyes were being crossed:
Adioux!" and fioux from her vioux.
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the singing at church. In the same town
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SPARKS

It's a great bunch of boys that kicks up
a noise on Brokers' Row.
Down on Brokers' Row.
They'll treat you nice while you've got the
price.
Down on Brokers' Row.
But when you go broke they think you're
a joke.
Down on Brokers' Row.They boost or knock the price of a stock
Down on Brokers' Row.
Go long or short, it's all very sport,
Down on Brokers' Row.
They've nothing to give and they have to
live.
Down on Brokers' Row.They're quick as a wink to take a drink,
Down on Brokers' Row.
They'll swallow your booze as much as
you choose.
Down on Brokers' Row.
But when you say "Buy" they turn and
fly.
Down on Brokers' Row.They frame up pools to rope in fools,
Down on Brokers' Row.
They'll let you in, but you seldom win,
Down on Brokers' Row.
You wouldn't start off fast but they catch
you at last.
Down on Brokers' Row.Robert Fitzsimmons stopped a
threatened fire panic in Chicago last
Tuesday by promising to punch any
one who tried to leave his hotel. His atti-
tude caused the frightened people to
believe there might be worse fates
that death by fire.The presence of a number of base-
ball fans in a given locality does not
tend to make the atmosphere in that
neighborhood cooler.We note that B. H. Roberts has
shaved off his hair and is now
more like the father of his country
than ever.It will now be in order for Mr.
Ames, the pitcher, to allege that some
one doped him before the contest, thus
making it impossible for him to land
with his famous right hook.Here it is well along toward summer
and nothing doing in the way of a
water shortage for this year. Some-
body must have forgotten about it.The question is: Do we take an
outing this summer or buy a few more
sticks we need in the way of furni-
ture?A strong arm, unaided, is a mighty
poor thing to travel on.Pittsburg Phil played the races,
And played them well and strong;
Joe Jefferson played "Rip Van"
Full many a year and long;
Paderewski played the piano,
And played it very well;
But Anton he played baseball,
But Bristow, he's played 3—Bill was "lit to the eyes," so to
speak, and he was mournfully calling
up his dead youth for the benefit of his
old friend Jim, but Salt Lake's Mister
Booley, leaning back his head, listened
in a disinterested way to Bill's mis-
terious calculations having to do with profits
in the rescue of the Jews.Bill's voice went on telling of a fair young
girl who had given him her heart when
life was all sunshine for both of
them. But it appeared that she had
faded with the flowers one bitter autumn
and passed away. If she had faded,
continued Bill, as alcoholic tears
trickled down his face, the speaker
would have been a better man. He
would not have been a gambler; no,
sport; not a day or before said, "I
er, but would have been a useful, moral
citizen. Jim gathered in a general
way, giving a small portion of one of
his ears to Bill, who was talking
about some woman, but Jim was not
following Bill's narrative with any de-
gree of closeness. But, Bill's broken
tones went on to state that he had
with her death perished all that was
best of him. He could not forget her
and so he formed an alliance with the
demon that had continued to in-
terrupt to the present time. If she
had lived, said Bill, pathetically,
how different his life might have been!
She was his joy, his hope, his present,
and all the future for him, but she
had gone and left him alone and his
life had been a wasted one. Ah, if
she had only lived! Here Bill's emo-
tion became too strong and he passed.
"Ah, yes," said Jimmy, awaking
from his musings, "she was a white woman,
Bill?"That was the night Jimmy's long
mirror was cracked and all the chairs
in the place broken.A wealthy New Yorker gave his bar-
ber a \$1,400 tip the other day. This
barber is not likely to become a universal
custom.It is said that there is no more big
game in New York state. We are
asked to believe the same of Salt Lake,
but we know better.Young Odell and the "Bighead."
(New York Evening World.)
"Up in Newburg, where Governor
Odell lives, said Frederick Seymour
Gibbs of the Republican national com-
mittee, the governor's name is very
popular. There was a treacherous lad
who lived next door, however, who took
it upon himself to see that the second
Odell boy, a lad of 16, was not taken
upon himself to be unduly conceited
about his father's political exaltation."He was very particular," said young
Odell, "but he was not conceited. He
was explained to me by my young
cousin, who was a scene that was wit-
nessed between the two. "All during
the campaign the observant neighboring
lad had kept young Odell under due repres-
sion by timely admonitions. But election
day came around, and despite the pre-
dictions of the playmate pessimist young
Odell's father was elected by one vote.
The biggest majority the state ever gave to
a Republican candidate."Together with several other politi-
cians I had stopped off on my way down
from Albany to congratulate the gov-
ernor-elect. A crowd of about 500
Odell, while nutting in the woods, had
encountered some poison ivy and as a
result he was laid up in his room with
a terribly swollen face."Presently we heard the shouts of the
neighbor's boy from the front. He
had a new coat that he wanted young
Odell to see. At the word 'coat' young
Odell came no longer be restrained, but
thrust his swollen face out of the win-
dow and endeavored to get his closed
eyelids open wide enough to behold the
neighbor's boy."There was a moment of silence and
then, from the neighbor's yard: 'Hully
gee! I knew you'd be stuck up 'cause
your father was elected, but I never
thought you'd get the big head like
that!'""No amount of explaining would ever
convince that boy. I spoke to Master
Odell about it recently, and he tells me
still plays the same tricks to the swell-
head theory and gloomily avows he will
vote the Democratic ticket when he
grows up."The Source of Supply.
(New York Times.)
At last the doctor consented to smile,
the nurse was already laughing; the
shadow had lifted from the sick room,
and the young man, who had been pro-
fessing bathing her, Aunt Jennie
came down to the breakfast table where
her two small nieces were seated, and
deriding what had turned the house so
topsy-turvy that morning."I guess what I know, girls," she said,
gaily. "There is a little baby brotch-
upstairs. He came this morning when
you were asleep. What do you think
of that?""Did he?" exclaimed the sharp-eyed
Edith. "Then I know who brought
him.""You do?"
"Yes, it was the milkman. It said so on
his cart yesterday.""Said what?" asked Aunt Jennie in
astonishment.
"Why, 'Family supplied daily' was
the quick reply."

Texas Cow Queen

Owns 20,000 Head of Cattle and Able
Manages Entire Ranch.JUST one girl—but she controls the
biggest cattle ranch in southern
Texas; she has a clever business
head on her pretty shoulders, she does
a man's work daily in her own charm-
ingly feminine way, and she would
rather round up a herd of stampeded
steers on a gritty mustang than make
a tour of Europe.Just one girl—but she has tacked a
big cipher to the value of the property
that her father bequeathed her four
years ago, and placed her in the
millionaire rank of American busi-
nesses; she employs more than 100
people, who live well and happily on
her estate and she has a very suc-
cessful raid against a bunch of mes-
cal smugglers when they cut into her sev-
enty-five miles of fence wire as any
other American girl would lead a cot-
illon.If you have never heard of Caroline
Bonhval it is because southern Texas
is so far away from Las Floritas ha-
cienda and its fair mistress lives in a
world practically apart. And pretty
much the only person who has the slightest
intention of quitting mountain and
meadow and splendid remoteness to
enter your artificial world of pave-
ments and patents for even a flying
visit."I would not give one little corner
of Las Floritas," she says, "for the
finest palace on Fifth avenue in New
York; nor would I exchange the view
from my windows of the magnificent
canyon and the boundless plains for
anything scenic that Niagara can of-
fer."Las Floritas is located in Zapata
county, along the Rio Grande. When
John Bonhval, cattle king, died, it was
supposed that his motherless daughter
would retire to San Antonio or some
other place, but she stayed on the
ranch, and eventually she and her
kindred diversions. But the spirited
lady, who at a time many years with
grief, surprised her friends by de-
claring that a life of idleness would be
as reproach to her father's memory
as the example of her mother, who
familiar with the management of the
property, having been her father's
constant companion and his book-
keeper, she had even given the ranch
its name. Except three years at Har-
vard college in Missouri, she has
known no other life than the free, un-
trammelled one which she dearly
loves.She was proud of her father, whose
wisdom and valor had won high hon-
ors in the field and at the court of
Maximilian in Mexico."I will study her all my life," she
announced, quietly, but firmly. Then
she settled down to hard work.Miss Bonhval now owns 20,000 head
of cattle and 2,000 head of horses, with
its stock up. My father owed the
lanky tailor a bill and I am sorry to
say the tailor sued him. My father
told me in the judgment and that
made the tailor famous."In that mood he flung his shears
from his table onto the floor and
jumping from his perch on the bench,
he said to his workmen:
"By the eternal there's a better way
of making a living than this, and out
he went.""He went down to the creek, pon-
dering suicide, as he afterward said,
and when he reached the bank he saw
preacher baptizing a lot of converts.
He became interested and walked out
into the creek and told the preacher
to put him under, and it was done.""He went down to the creek, pon-
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times.
Continuing one of her father's cus-
toms Miss Bonhval keeps open house.
No stranger is ever turned away from
her door.The latch string hung on the out-
side during my father's lifetime," says
the hospitable young girl, "and it shall
remain there."The hungry are fed and those who
ask alms are never sent away empty-
handed.There is a little church near the
hacienda, and in a comfortable cor-
ner, surrounded by many towns, sits
Father Sanchez, beaming with smiles,
ever ready to christen babies and join
lovers in wedlock.Miss Bonhval is a devout church-
woman, and her charities are not con-
fined to the little corner of Texas she
loves so well.All the national holidays observed
in Old Mexico are celebrated by the
vaqueros and their sweethearts or
families in Las Floritas. Wearing
their picturesque costumes and mount-
ed on spirited mustangs, richly capar-
nisoned, the graceful riders dash
through the shady groves, where sun-
dressed maidens, gaily attired, strew
flowers and sing the old battle songs
that stirred the blood of hidalgos
nearly 100 years ago—Arizona Demo-
crat.ANDY JOHNSON OF THE PULPIT.
A Tennessee Tailor Who Flung Away
His Shears and Became Famous.(New York Sun.)
Andrew Johnson was not the only
man in Tennessee who went from a
tailor's bench to fame," said a Tennes-
sean who recently returned from a
trip to the home of the man who rose
from obscurity to the presidency. "I
had almost forgotten the other one, un-
til I went back.""You know when a man has been
away from his old home many years
and goes back to it, he usually visits
the graveyard to read about the vir-
tues of those whom he knew in the
flesh and who have since been taken
him. I was making such a visit, in
company with an old friend, one of
the few remaining, when he pointed
out a very imposing shaft. I read
the name of the deceased on the base,
but for the moment I did not recall
him.""You don't remember him?" asked
my friend. "He got to be famous be-
fore he died.""You know that he used to be the
village tailor. That was before you
were born. I think my father had
something to do with making him fa-
mous.""My father was a poor man in those
days and, like many people of that
class, he had open accounts with
every one in business, with few ex-
ceptions. My father owed the
lanky tailor a bill and I am sorry to
say the tailor sued him. My father
told me in the judgment and that
made the tailor famous.""In that mood he flung his shears
from his table onto the floor and
jumping from his perch on the bench,
he said to his workmen:
"By the eternal there's a better way
of making a living than this, and out
he went.""He went down to the creek, pon-
dering suicide, as he afterward said,
and when he reached the bank he saw
preacher baptizing a lot of converts.
He became interested and walked out
into the creek and told the preacher
to put him under, and it was done.""He went down to the creek, pon-
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